

UP-TO-DATE
AND NEWSY

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

EDITED BY
ROBERT EDGREN

NOW WHAT D'YOU THINK OF THAT?

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R. Edgren
COLUMNR Doesn't Look as Though
Luther McCarty Will Fight for
Many Months.

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.)

It, yes, McCarty is just like all the rest of them. Before he fought Palmer, daily statements were given out, telling that an active "champion" he'd be if he won the fight.

And now, less than a week later, we get this: "No, McCarty won't fight again for some time. He is entitled to a rest. He has a lot of theatrical offers and will spend the next few months on the stage, getting the easy money. He may meet Bombardier Wells six months from now—July 4. As for Willard and all the rest, let them fight it out between themselves, and Luther may meet the winner some time after the Wells fight."

Can you beat that? Opa might imagine that McCarty had whipped a champion and actually won a title.

HERE'S an inside story on Joe Rivers, the Mexican fighter who is now in New York. Rivers didn't tell it. I got it from a Los Angeles man unidentified with the sport of boxing.

It was early in Rivers' fighting time. The youngster had been making a good showing in preliminary bouts, and was at last given a chance to fight a main event. His opponent was Danny Webster, one of the best featherweights on the coast. Webster had fought nip and tuck with Willard. He had real fighting class. Nobody thought for a moment that the little known Mexican lad would be anything but a punching bag for Webster.

Just before the boys were to enter the ring, Beanie Walker, a Los Angeles newspaper writer, walked out to the dressing room and found Rivers sitting there, all alone, clad in his fighting trunks. He had a most dejected look, Walker thought.

"Show up, kid; he can't kill you," he said, encouragingly. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, I'm not afraid," Rivers answered. "I'm just thinking I've got to knock Webster out. I've got to do it. I must win to get the money to send my father to the hospital to-night. He has to have an operation right away, and if he doesn't get it he'll die. I've got to win this fight. I've got to win!"

A few minutes later Rivers was called out to the ring. The fight lasted nearly an hour—desperate mauling—and the Mexican knocked Webster out.

RIVERS' father, by the way, was a famous foot-racer in California twenty years ago. He ran all over the west, and was a consistent winner. His name was Tharra. Rivers took his present ring name from another relative named Rivers. Joe Rivers, although of Mexican descent, is an American by birth. He was born on Broadway in the city of Los Angeles, in the Mexican quarter.

A MOS RUSIE jaded in Seattle, Washington, for threatening his wife and driving her out of the house. Amos Rusie, a common, unskilled laborer! Can you imagine that as the selfish of a man who was once as great as Jimmie in the baseball world as Charlie Sheehan himself?

Why, fifteen years ago, here in New York, the name of Amos Rusie was called all over every issue of a newspaper. He was praised as the greatest pitcher the game had ever known. Crowds followed him along the streets. He had daily "man acts" by the hundred. When he wore a new checked suit there was a rush for that identical check at every store and tailor shop. If he ordered a new cocktail nobody would drink anything else. Rusie could shoot a ball over the plate like a rifle bullet. Speed was his specialty, and he could "slam 'em across" all day long. Rusie looked like a baseball fixture.

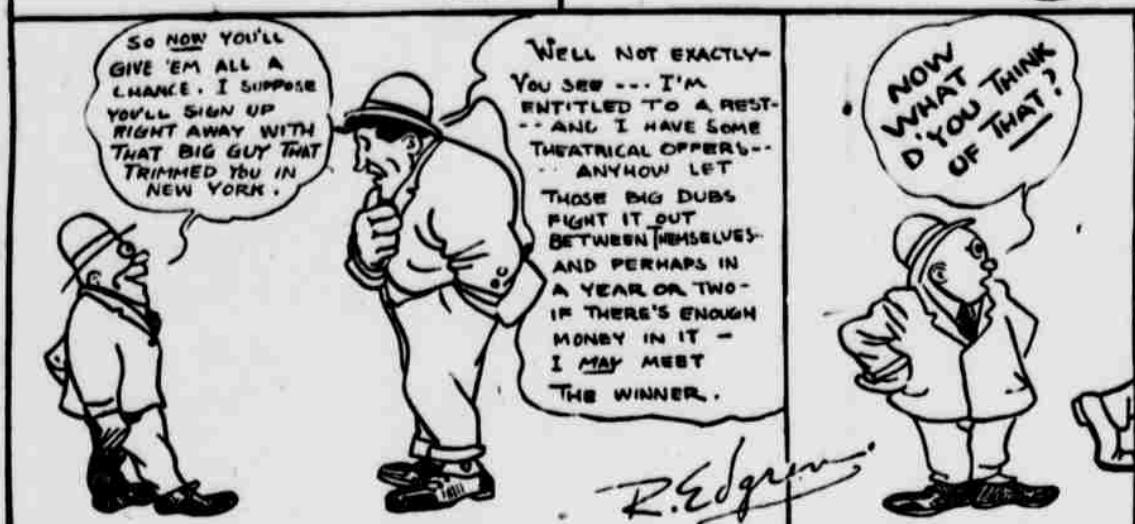
And then suddenly he slumped and dropped out of sight. His arm had gone "glass arm," they said. That was the sudden end of Amos Rusie as a popular hero.

When next heard of he was working in a lumber yard out in Ohio, as an unskilled laborer, for one dollar a day! Imagine that! Rusie—a dollar a day!

And he drifted about from job to job until finally he was "fixed up" last summer as a gate keeper at the ball grounds in Seattle. That was a summer job. Through this winter he has been an "unskilled laborer" again.

This, it seems to me, is the strongest example I know of the importance of developing brain as well as brawn. Rusie's arm could not last. If he had devoted himself to learning a trade or a profession that didn't depend entirely upon ability to "slam 'em over the plate," a profession that wouldn't go out of existence instantly with the waning of a tendon, he might have had a success to-day instead of a failure.

The wind blew 57 miles an hour in New York a couple of days ago. Dan Moron had just come back from a trip.

McGraw Springs Surprise
by Recalling Waivers on
Outfielder Beals Becker

Player Intended for Minors Will
Be Sent Contract and Asked
to Report at Marlin for Practice.

BY BOZEMAN BULGER.

JUST what McGraw had in mind when he asked for waivers on Beals Becker is a considerable puzzle to the managers of the National League, for no sooner had the Cardinals refused to waive than the Giant chief had brought the Wichita Beane back with a jerk and recalled his recall. Just before boarding a train for St. Louis McGraw declared that he would send Becker a contract and instruct him to report at Marlin for spring practice. It is likely that "Mc" is banking for a trade in the spring instead of the more waiver price of \$1,000. That he intends to eventually get rid of his substitute outfielder is almost a certainty, as Becker's work has been far from satisfactory to his chief. But what means this new move?

The fact that six of the clubs agreed to waive on Becker is surprising, but no more so than the fact that the Cardinals were willing to a deal by which he could be sent to the minors if that were a part of the scheme. At any rate, the books are closed for the present.

Have recalled the waivers? Becker McGraw, "and will keep Becker. He will report for spring practice."

A snag bobbed up in the free flow of coast correspondence when it was discovered that Arthur Shafer, who may be selected as regular shortstop for the Giants, will not return from baseball, as reported, but will be on the job when the club whistles on the morning of March 11 at Marlin, where his usual work will be done. Just who is responsible for these many telegraphic reports concerning Shafer and Frank Chance is unknown, but he has certainly been a busy little fellow.

It develops that none of the statements attributed to either Chance or Shafer was true. Chance declares positively that he has given out no statements whatever concerning his deal with Farrell, and Fred Snodgrass is the official "denier" of the rapid fire stuff about our timid and shrinking "Tittle." In a letter to a friend, Snodgrass, who has been managing a team on the Coast with considerable success, says that there is absolutely no reason for Shafer's retiring, and that he will be with the Giants in the spring.

"I have heard nothing whatever from Shafer," said McGraw, with a smile, when asked about the many rumors, "and, moreover, I'm not worried in the least. If I spent my time worrying about these winter baseball stories I would lose all the benefit of my vacation. It's a good idea to put a copper on any baseball rumors that spread with the snow." McGraw has two more weeks of his vaudeville engagements, and was then return to New York to get the team ready for a move to the South.

Harry Hempstead, the new president of the Giants, took up active control of the affairs of the team as president with the New Year. Up to that time he had been getting acquainted with the run of things. He had a conference with McGraw Saturday, and things will move ahead just as they did under the general direction of John T. Brush.

"Except to get acquainted with the run of things, I really little for me to do right now," said Mr. Hempstead. "Mr. McGraw knows what he is doing at all times, and I am quite willing for him to go right ahead in the past."

Mr. Hempstead, the new secretary, will remain in New York during the spring training trip and will leave the

business end of that affair to Eddie Brannick, his assistant. Eddie knows the Texas job by its first name.

Now that Roger Bresnahan has had a scandalous settlement with the St. Louis club, he is free to negotiate with the several managers who want his services. The best salary offered to Roger up to a few days ago was \$2,000. It is understood that was offered by the Pirates, but the old Giant outfielder is a little slow about accepting it, as he has offers from both Philadelphia and Chicago to consider. The former has a free agent and can sign with any club he pleases. Moreover, he is in a position where he can sell his contract, or rather, get a bonus, for signing. That should bring him in a nice little sum, as any club would be willing to pay him the waiver price of \$1,000 to get first call on his services.

Frank Farrell is on his way to Chicago, where he will meet Frank Chance to-morrow. The former Club manager left California Saturday morning. Chance is willing to consider a reasonable offer, but will not accept a contract that calls for his playing. He will manage from the bench. His playing days are over. At that, if his physical condition is satisfactory he might use himself occasionally as a pinch hitter. And, believe me, there are no better.

Harry McCormick, McGraw's pinch hitting machine, is in town attired in some scenery that would make a man like Ward McAllister take a careful look at his betting average. Harry was always strong on the clothes thing. His new shapless overcoat is a masterpiece and even made the guest at the billiard room turn their attention from Arlie Latham's checkered coat to McGraw's. McGraw says that McCormick will be with the club next season. At least he will be tendered a contract, and it is entirely up to Harry. Don't worry, he'll sign.

Billy Murray, former manager of the Phillies, is in New York this winter spending his time enjoying the shows and cutting coupons. He has been offered several jobs as manager, but Billy's motto is: "No more worry for Murray." He is a great friend of Frank Chance, and believes that the coming of the Peerless Leader will be a big thing for New York.

"Till you, though," says Murray, "while I want to see Frank succeed, he is up against an awful tough job trying to live up to the predictions and boasting in the papers. That's an awful load for a baseball man to shoulder. If he gets away with it, fine and dandy, but if luck should turn against him—well, those boozers may take a reverse English. Joe Tinker is up against the same thing in Cincinnati. I had rather come into a team unheralded than too much heralded, believe me."

Horton Wine Marnagradie A. C. Run is a pretty strong first baseman in the last hundred yards William J. Horton, a Brooklyn lad, who came to the New York A. C. C. in the week's cross-country run of the Long Island Athletic Association. Horton ran a great uphill race and by a burst in the final dash managed to beat Costello by two yards. The New York A. C. C. led the distance in 19 minutes and 30 seconds, and was the third runner to reach the clubhouse.

A Snappy Seasoning
It is necessary to the full enjoyment of a dinner.
LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE
A superior relish for Soups, Fish, Roast, Chicken, Game, etc.
An Appetizer
JAMES DUNN'S SONS, Agents, N.Y.

TRAVIS CALLS EVANS
BETTER ALL-AROUND
GOLFER THAN TRAVERS

"IN my opinion," says Walter J. Travis, writing from Pinehurst, "Chick Evans is a better all-around golfer than Jerome D. Travers." Just what moved Travis to break his apparently eternal policy of silence is unknown. He has been prodded so many times in the same direction that in self-defense he has probably decided to go on record.

Last September, on the eve of the national championship final at Chicago, Travis briefly said he expected to see Evans win, a forecast that was wired to The Evening World, but the Garden City man did not give his reasons. As a matter of fact, Travis was so anxious that the metropolitan player should win that he went out with Travers, one evening, at least, along with several professionals, and gave him suggestions, while he practiced with wooden clubs.

Travers has no living superior on shots just off the green, or on pitched iron strokes, from full shots downward, according to the former international champion.

I WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD, GOOD OLD STAG TOBACCO



Here's the Stag Story:
The sweetest, coolest, TASTIEST smoke of them all.

You buy HALF as much at a time.
You buy TWICE as often.
So your tobacco is always FRESH.
It is the great, unbeatable combination

EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD
STAG
For Pipe and Cigarettes

Italy Injects Interest
Into Renewed Fight for
De Oro's Pool Honors

Brilliant Playing of Maturo Expected to Win Veteran Cuban's World Title.

NOT since the time that Dorando, the running baker of Naples, came over to this country and Marathonized his way to fame have the Italians in this city been so interested in a sporting performer as they are in James Maturo, who'll meet Alfred De Oro, the Cuban, in the opening night's play for the world's pool title at Doyle's to-night. When the awfully little son of Italy boldly challenged the veteran holder of the world's title for a match—well the barbers simply declared a holiday and began to do some tall figuring. And they think so well of Maturo that they have sent large sums of money to wager on him against De Oro, notwithstanding the Cuban rules a slight favorite because of his wider experience.

James Maturo didn't recently arrive from Italy. He's lived in Uncle Sam's land the greater part of his life, coming here when a youth. He's almost a stranger to New York, however, for during the last eight years he made Denver his home.

Arriving in this country from Italy, Maturo made Jersey City his home, and, like all good Italians, immediately became a barber.

THE POOL TABLES.
The proprietor of the shop where Maturo worked ran a small poolroom annex, and the sight of the ivories jumping around the table had a strange fascination for the young Italian. Every spare minute he had Maturo would spend at the tables. His love for the game steadily increased, and so fond was he of shooting the balls into the pockets that it was known around the neighborhood that he made a bed of one of the tables at night in order to stroke from full shots downward, according to the former international champion.

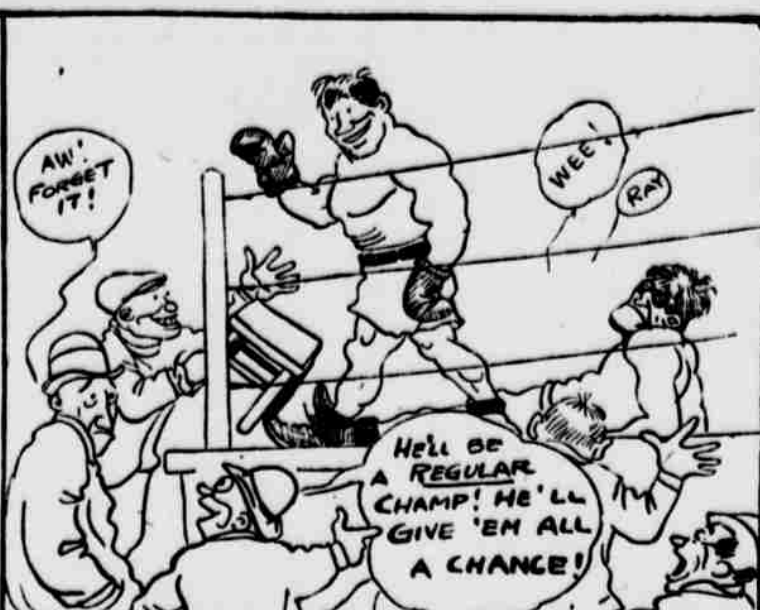
He finally became so skilful with the

cue that he purchased a small poolroom of his own and it wasn't long before Maturo was cleaning up on the amateurs across the river. Later Maturo turned professional, and in 1903 won the city championship of the river.

Maturo was compelled to sell his poolroom in Jersey City because of his wife's illness, and in 1904 he moved to Denver. Western critics were loud in their praise of the young Italian's playing, and he was soon appointed "professional" of the Denver Athletic Club, which boasts of many crack amateurs.

Maturo's ability with the cue became so marked that the topnotchers were forced to take notice. Maturo played his first big match two years ago in Denver with De Oro. The Cuban, then at the top of his game, good naturedly gave Maturo a handicap of 90 balls out of 600. But what a mistake! The Italian, playing like a champion, took De Oro into camp and won without the handicap. No champion was at stake, but the Denver sporting men cleaned up by backing their man. Maturo again defeated De Oro last spring in the world's championship tournament in Philadelphia.

There is almost twenty years difference in the ages of Maturo and De Oro. Maturo has just crossed thirty-three and probably because of his lighter years plays a more spectacular game than the veteran champion, who is a crafty performer, very deliberate and foreseeing in every move.

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AL PALZER INTENDS
TO BREAK AWAY FROM
TOM O'ROURKE AGAIN

Heavyweight Boxer Blames
Manager's Bad Coaching for
His Recent Defeat.

BY JOHN POLLOCK.

ACCORDING to telegraphic dispatches from Los Angeles, 10 looks like Al Palzer is going to break away from Tom O'Rourke again. Palzer is disheartened over his defeat by Luther McCarty and has left California for his home in Iowa, where he is expected to arrive to-day. Before leaving the coast Palzer, it is said, told a friend that O'Rourke's bad coaching was responsible for his losing the fight, and he almost admitted that he intended to quit O'Rourke. Rumor has it that Palzer intends to have his boyhood friend, Ed Rostley, look after his affairs in the future. Rostley accompanied Palzer on his trip from Los Angeles to his home.

Sheriff Julius Harburger has framed an amendment to the Franchise Boxing law which will be presented in the Assembly by Meyer Greenback and in the Senate by John C. Fitzgerald either to-day or to-morrow. The amendment provides for a salary of \$2,000 for each of the commissioners and a total expenditure of \$12,000 in the commission, including the secretary. Sheriff Harburger claims the amendment has a good chance of passing.

Tommy Murphy, who swung a big surprise by stopping Frankie Burns, the clown lightweight at Oakland, Cal., in seventeen rounds at San Francisco on New Year's afternoon, will arrive in this city from Fresno either on Wednesday or Thursday. Tommy left San Francisco for home last Friday. Before leaving he said, Jim Corbett, the fight promoter, told Tommy he would try to match him with Ad Wolgast for a fight on Feb. 22.

Tom Jones, manager of Ad Wolgast, is now looking after the affairs of Jim Willard, the swimming Western heavyweight. Jones recently sent Willard a letter informing him that he could get plenty of good matches for him out on the coast, and as Willard has been looking for such a match since he left the coast, he is looking forward to go ahead and do his business.

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All Ballroom Dances Guaranteed in 5 Private Lessons and 4 Class Lessons... \$1
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AMUSEMENTS.
DON'T FORGET THAT IT WAS OF THE CONSPIRACY and NO OTHER DETECTIVE-PLAY THAT ALAN DALE said: "The Conspiracy is more vivid than Within the Law."

THE EVE. SUN said: "The Conspiracy is vastly more interesting than The Whip."

THE WORLD said: "Within the Law is as meek as a lamb compared with The Conspiracy."

LIFE said: "The Conspiracy is a White Slave Melodrama that thrills from beginning to end."

GARRICK NOW
HAMMERSTEIN'S DAILY MATS.
50c-75c-81
500 Good 50c
Bal. 50c-75c
Entire Bal. 25c
and others.

GEO. COHAN'S THEATRE, 14th St. & 4th Ave. 10c-15c
GEO. M. COHAN. His latest play, "The Great Train Robbery," is now playing at the Theatre.
ASTOR Broadway 14th St. 10c-15c. Mat. 5c-10c. 2nd Floor. 10c-15c. 3rd Floor. 10c-15c. 4th Floor. 10c-15c. 5th Floor. 10c-15c. 6th Floor. 10c-15c. 7th Floor. 10c-15c. 8th Floor. 10c-15c. 9th Floor. 10c-15c. 10th Floor. 10c-15c. 11th Floor. 10c-15c. 12th Floor. 10c-15c. 13th Floor. 10c-15c. 14th Floor. 10c-15c. 15th Floor. 10c-15c. 16th Floor. 10c-15c. 17th Floor. 10c-15c. 18th Floor. 10c-15c. 19th Floor. 10c-15c. 20th Floor. 10c-15c. 21st Floor. 10c-15c. 22nd Floor. 10c-15c. 23rd Floor. 10c-15c. 24th Floor. 10c-15c. 25th Floor. 10c-15c. 26th Floor. 10c-15c. 27th Floor. 10c-15c. 28th Floor. 10c-15c. 29th Floor. 10c-15c. 30th Floor. 10c-15c. 31st Floor. 10c-15c. 32nd Floor. 10c-15c. 33rd Floor. 10c-15c. 34th Floor. 10c-15c. 35th Floor. 10c-15c. 36th Floor. 10c-15c. 37th Floor. 10c-15c. 38th Floor. 10c-15c. 39th Floor. 10c-15c. 40th Floor. 10c-15c. 41st Floor. 10c-15c. 42nd Floor. 10c-15c. 43rd Floor. 10c-15c. 44th Floor. 10c-15c. 45th Floor. 10c-15c. 46th Floor. 10c-15c. 47th Floor. 10c-15c. 48th Floor. 10c-15c. 49th 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